Boy The muſique is come ſir. *enter muſicke.*

Fal. Let them play, play ſirs, ſit on my knee Doll, a raſcall bragging ſlaue the rogue fled from me like quickſiluer.

Dol Yfaith and thou followdſt him like a church, thou horſon little tydee Bartholemew borepigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting a daies and foyning a nights, and begin to patch vp thine old body for heauen.

Enter Prince and Poynes.

Fal Peace good Doll, do not ſpeake like a deathes head, do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol Sirra, what humour's the prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow yong fellow, a would haue made a good pantler, a would a chipt bread wel.

Dol They ſay Poines has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him baboon, his wit's as thicke as Tewksbury muſtard, theres no more conceit in him then is in a mallet.

Dol Why does the prince loue him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their legges are both of a bigneſſe, and a plaies at quoites well, and eates cunger and fennel, and drinkes off candles endes for flappe-dragons, and rides the wilde mare with the boyes, and iumpes vpon ioynd-ſtooles, and ſweares with a good grace, and weares his bootes very ſmoothe like vnto the ſigne of the Legge, and breedes no bate with telling of diſcreet ſtories, and ſuch other gambole faculties a has that ſhow a weake minde, and an able bodie for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himſelf is ſuch another, the weight of a haire wil turne ſcales between their haber de poiz.

Prince Would not this naue of a wheele haue his eares cut off?

Poynes Lets beate him before his whore.

Prince Looke where the witherd elder hath not his poule clawd like a parrot.

Poynes Is it not ſtrange that deſire ſhould ſo many yeeres out liue performance.

Falſt. Kiſſe me Doll.

Prince

Prince Saturne and Venus thi
ſaies th' Almanacke to that?

Poyns And look whether the
liſping to his maſter, old tables, his
per?

Falſt. Thou doſt giue me flatt

Dol By my troth I kiſſe thee

Falſt. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I loue thee better then I lo
them all.

Fal. What ſtuffe wilt haue a ki
a thurſday, ſhalt haue a cap to mo
growes late, weele to bed, thou't fo

Dol By my troth thou't ſet me
proue that euer I dreſſe my ſelfe h
hearken a'th' end.

Fal. Some ſacke Francis.

Prince, Poynes Anon anon ſir.

Falſt. Ha? a baſtard ſonne of t
Poynes his brother?

Prince Why thou globe of ſi
doſt thou leade?

Falſt. A better then thou, I
drawer.

Prince Very true ſir, and I co
eares.

Hoſt. O the Lord preſerue thy
to London, now the Lord bleſſe
Ieſu, are you come from Wales?

Falſt. Thou horſon madde co
light, fleſh, and corrupt bloud, tho

Doll How? you fat foole I ſcor

Poynes My lorde, he will dri
and turne all to a meriment if you

Prince You horſon candlemin
ſpeake of me now, before this hon
woman?

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